

DELL

APR-NOV.

10¢

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





FOREST FIRES



Forest fires occur most often in the late fall and early winter when the leaves have fallen from the trees and the trunks and branches contain little moisture. Then, any spark may cause a roaring forest fire.

But, at any time of year, if there has not been much snow or rain, a fire may start. In lightly populated areas, lightning is very dangerous. The game warden or forest ranger knows that any electrical storm may cause a fire. And if the woods are dry, several different flashes may start several small fires which soon join and destroy a big tract of forest. Usually, fire fighting forces are small and when several places are afire at the same time, it means long and dangerous work for every able-bodied man in the area.



But there are other causes. Careless campers and hunters start many fires. Sparks from the wheels of a railroad train have been known to ignite underbrush. Even the muzzle blast from a hunter's rifle can start a blaze in a tinder-dry pine forest. Once, a lumberjack brought a big bottle of water to work with him. He put it on the ground and went about his work. Several hours later, a big fire broke out. The sun, shining through the glass of the bottle, was concentrated as strongly as on any magnifying glass and ignited the pine needles on which the bottle was lying.



Usually, forest fires in the North Woods cannot be put out. There are not enough men and no water-pumping equipment. The only thing that can be done is to confine the fire to a small area and let it burn itself out. This is done with firebreaks—strips of ground cleared of all trees, leaves and fallen branches or pine needles. The fire moves with the wind, sometimes at frightening speed. It moves very slowly if at all to the sides and can hardly move backward in the face of a wind. When the fire comes to a wide strip in which there is nothing to burn, it usually halts and burns out. This is why one should never run directly away from an approaching forest fire. It will "chase" you as long as there are trees to burn. Put your back to the fire but then turn and run to the right or left, across the wind. If you can get to one side, the fire may pass you by but if you can get behind the fire by circling it, you will be safe.

Sergeant PRESTON

WALL OF FLAME

TRAILING TWO
TRADING POST THIEVES
DOWN A WILDERNESS
RIVER, SERGEANT PRESTON
AND HIS GREAT DOG,
TURCH KING, ARE OVER-
TAKEN BY DARKNESS...

SUNSET, KING! IT MAKES
THE RIVER LOOK OR
FINE!



A SINGLE LEAP SIDEWISE CARRIES PRESTON
INTO DENSE COVER.

DELL PUBLICATIONS

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







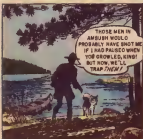
THE DOOR CRASHES, SPILLING LIVE COALS...



PRESTON'S SHARP SHOT PIERCES THE HUGE BEAR'S HEAD!



SOME HOURS AND MANY MILES FARTHER DOWN STREAM







AT LAST, A BEARING HEAT FROM THE FLAMES REACHED THEM...

THE WHOLE WOODS ARE
ABLAZE, SERGEANT!
TURN BACK---OR
WE'LL JUMP---

WAIT! I HEARD
A SHOUT!



--- AND A
HUMAN VOICE!

HELP!
HELP!



ERNE! BUCK UP! LET'S
HAVE TO LIFT HIM
ONTO THE BANK!

MOMENTS LATER--- WITH THE PRISONERS' HAND-
CUFFS REMOVED ---

NOW--- *BEAR*
THOSE PADDLES
--- AND WE'LL
ESCAPE! THE
WIND HAS
CHANGED!



A MILE DOWNSTREAM---THE WORST DANGER PAST---

THANKS, SERGEANT! IT WAS ALL
MY FAULT --- BUT YOU SAVED
MY LIFE --- AND MY PACK, TOO!
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN ---?

YES,
ERNE!

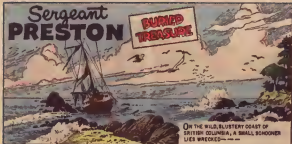


AND WHEN I GET
THESE TWO THIEVES
SAFELY TO SOLKING,
I'LL CONSIDER THE
CASE ---
CLOSED!



Sergeant PRESTON

BURIED
TREASURE



ON THE WILD, BLUSTERY COAST OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA, A SMALL SCHOONER
LIES WRECKED— — —

AND ON THE BEACH— — — ON FRED WISDOM AND PROF.
EMMETT SHERIDAN .

WELL, FRED, HOW MUCH
LONGER DO YOU THINK
THAT WE TWO "BARNES"
IN THE WOODS? WILL
HAVE TO STAY EACH
OTHER'S BAD COOKING?

"BARNES IN
THE WOODS..."
NO, NO, NO?
THAT'S WHAT
WE ARE!



IT'S TOO BAD WE TOOK OUR DOCTOR'S BERRIES IN
PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY— — — INSTEAD OF IN THE
CULINARY ARTS, EMMETT! BUT WE'LL JUST HAVE
TO Muddle THROUGH UNTIL HELP COMES— — —



— — — YES! AND BE THANK-
FUL THAT IT'S NO WORSE!
HAVE SOME COFFEE
NOW, FRED?

EMMETT, LOOK!
— — — WE HAVE
GUESTS!



HORRANT!
HELP HAS
COME, FRED!

HEMM! I WONDER— — — THEY
DIDN'T COME IN A SHIP!





















Ituk, the Indian trapper, tested the ice on the river delicately with the tip of his right snowshoe. The spring thaw had set in and the snow around him was beginning to melt. His clumsy snowshoes permitted him to walk slowly across the wet, deep snow, but if the ice was too thin he would not be able to cross to the other side of the river to follow his trap line.

"Arrggghh," he grunted, letting his weight fall on the snowshoes and listening for cracking ice. The stream was very deep in the middle and if he broke through there, he would be in great trouble. But he heard nothing, and he crossed to the other side safely.

As he mounted the opposite bank, he shifted his gun to his right hand and held it ready. It was old and a muzzle-loader—firing only one shot at a time. He looked at it with disgust and fingered the old-fashioned, curling hammer. "After this year's trapping," he thought, "I will buy a good gun—a many-shoot gun like the white man's."

But his thoughts were cut short when he saw the footprint of a great claw in the snow. "A bear!" he thought.

He moved carefully, hardly making a sound, until he came to his first trap. It was empty but it had been sprung. He could see that the bolt was gone and that the jaws of the trap were tight together holding nothing.

For some reason, perhaps his ever-present woodsman's instinct prompted him, he glanced to the right and saw a great brown bear towering up out of the brush and watching him. The bear was standing erect on his hind legs, with his great clawed front feet dangling in front of his chest.

The Indian stood absolutely still, hoping

that the bear would drop back onto his forelegs and wander off. But the bear stood there calmly, watching the Indian.

Ituk knew that the bear could move just as fast as he could. The awkward snowshoes slowed him down. He dared not fire a shot because his ancient muzzle loader might misfire and might not kill on the first shot. He knew that if he moved, the bear might leap for him. And yet—and yet, he could not stand there staring the bear in the face until the animal made up its mind. "The river," he thought—"the river will save me."

He whirled and floundered off through the snow toward the riverbank. It was only a few yards away and he was almost sure he could beat the bear to it. He heard an angry "woof" as the animal dropped to all fours and followed. He flung away the useless gun and ran as fast as he could on the snowshoes.

Only a second later, he heard the bear's great claws scrape against the brittle ice. He did not dare to look back. He reached the other side and was clawing his way up the opposite bank when he heard the crashing, splintering sound.

Then he looked back. The bear's brown head disappeared in a black, star-shaped patch of open water. The animal's great weight had accomplished what Ituk had foreseen it would—the animal had broken through the melting ice. He watched calmly as the raging bear tried to climb out and the ice broke shorply under his heavy forefeet.

Calmly now, he went to his camp and cut down a tall sapling that grew near his cooking fire. As he cut away the small branches at its upper end, he smiled and thought, "Soon the ice will all be gone and then I will search for him with my pole on the river bottom." And he grinned broadly then, with his mouth and usually silent eyes, thinking how the bear's hide would help to pay the trader for what he wanted most of all—a many-shoot white man's gun.

Sergeant PRESTON

TOWN-RIVER ADVENTURE

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE RIVER, AND ITS SMALL SETTLEMENT, BRINGS SERGEANT PRESTON AND HIS GREAT DOG, TUNCH KINE, TO A BRIEF HALT...

THERE'S LITTLE POST, KING! --- CONSTABLE REDMAN'S POST!

POOR KING!
TUNCH KINE!

WE'LL LIE OVERNIGHT THERE, AND---HARK, KING! THAT'S--- GUNFIRE!

OH, KING! WE CAN'T SET DOWN THERE IN LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES---

CRACK!
BAMM!
CRACK!

FAINTLY, FROM THE TOWN BELOW, RISE THE CRACKING REPORTS OF PISTOLS!

AT THAT MOMENT--- IN THE SETTLEMENT'S MAIN STREET---

HELP!
PARK ROBBERS---



HEARING THE FIRST SHOTS, YOUNG CONSTABLE
REDMAN RACES FROM THE WATERFRONT TO THE
MAIN STREET, JUST IN TIME—

HALT—IN THE NAME
OF THE QUEEN!



— TO EXCHANGE SHOTS WITH THE
MOUNTED ROBBERS..



A WHIRLING HORSE BURNS ITS RIDER'S MONEY
BACK INTO THE PATH OF REDMAN'S BULLET BUT
THE LITTLE ROBBER'S SHOT—



— DOES NOT MISS!



GAMELY, THE CONSTABLE SCOOPS UP HIS FALLEN
GUN IN HIS LEFT HAND—

I CAN STILL—
SHOT—



— BUT DISTANCE AND THE SHOCK OF HIS WOUND
MAKE HIS FIRE INEFFECTIVE...

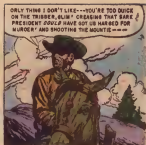






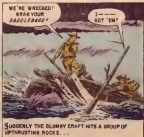
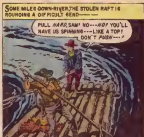






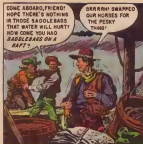






SUDDENLY THE CLUMBY CRAFT HITS A GROUP OF UPTHRUSTING ROCKS...





TWO HOURS LATER, AS THE NORTHERN OUSE
DESPENS ———

SERGEANT PRESTON?
THAT SCOW — TIED UP
AHEAD OF US? IT LOOKS
LIKE PETE CHANCE'S BOAT!

UNNN! WE COULD
ASK HIM WHAT TIME
THE RAFT PASSED...



GRARRR —
RRRRR...

KING?
SOMETHING
WRONG — ?



THERE IS SOMETHING
WRONG,
BOY ——— OVER THERE?

GRARRR!



PETE CHANCE —
AND FAMMY ———
AND ———



THERE'S SOMEONE
COMING ——— FROM
THE CABIN? ON
GUARD, KING!



YEAH! A
MOUNTIE ———

UP WITH YOUR HANDS
——— BOTH OF YOU?

BUT THE TWO OUTLAWS ACT ON A BITTER IMPULSE---



YUKON KING'S LEAP IS ALMOST AS SWIFT AS
WESTON'S BULLET--- AND
AS EFFECTIVE!



--- AND MORE IT IS--- SPILLED AS THEY WERE
DIVIDING IT! THANKS TO YOUR HELP, KING, PARTNER
---WE CAN CALL THIS
CASE CLOSED!



KING? AT HIM?



COME ABOARD NOW, CONSTABLE
REDMAN --- AND CUT OUR
FRIENDS LOOSE! I'LL LOOK
FOR THE BANK LOOT.



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